Grego. The heads of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it sense that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretie peece of flesh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst bin poore Iohn: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other seruing men.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarell, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the law of our sides, let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I passe by, and let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay as they dare, I will bite my thumb at them, which is disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumbe at vs sir?

Samp. I do bite my thumbe sir.

Abra. Do you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. Is the law of our side if I say I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No sir, I do not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite my thumbe sir.

Greg. Do you quarell sir?

Abra. Quarell sir, no sir.

Sã. But if you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a mã as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well sir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my maisters kinsmen.

Sam. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy washing blowe. *They fight.*

Benuo. Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What art thou drawne among these hartlesse hindes? turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Benuo. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword, or manage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word, as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee: Haue at thee coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs or partysons.

Offi. Clubs, Bils and Partisons, strike, beate them downe, Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his wife.*

Capu. What noyse is this? giue me my long sword hoe.

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword I say, old *Mountague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his wife.*

Mount. Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me go.

M. *Wife.* 2. Thou shalt not stir one foote to seeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious subiects enemies to peace, Prophaners of this neighbour-stayned steele, Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts: That quench the fire of your pernicious rage, With purple fountaines issuing from your veines: On paine of torture from those bloudie hands, Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground, And heare the sentence of your moued Prince. Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word, By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*, Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets, And made *Neronas* auncient Citizens, Cast by their graue beseeming ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old, Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate, If euer you disturbe our streets againe,

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